

*Sophia Andrew*

THE GLEN COLLECTION  
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ALAN RAMSAY SCOTUS.

X Glen 40

THE

# GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A SCOTS

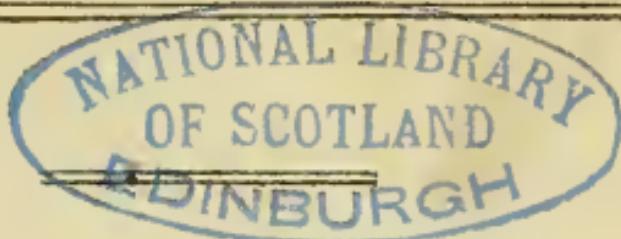
PASTORAL COMEDY:

WITH THE SONGS.

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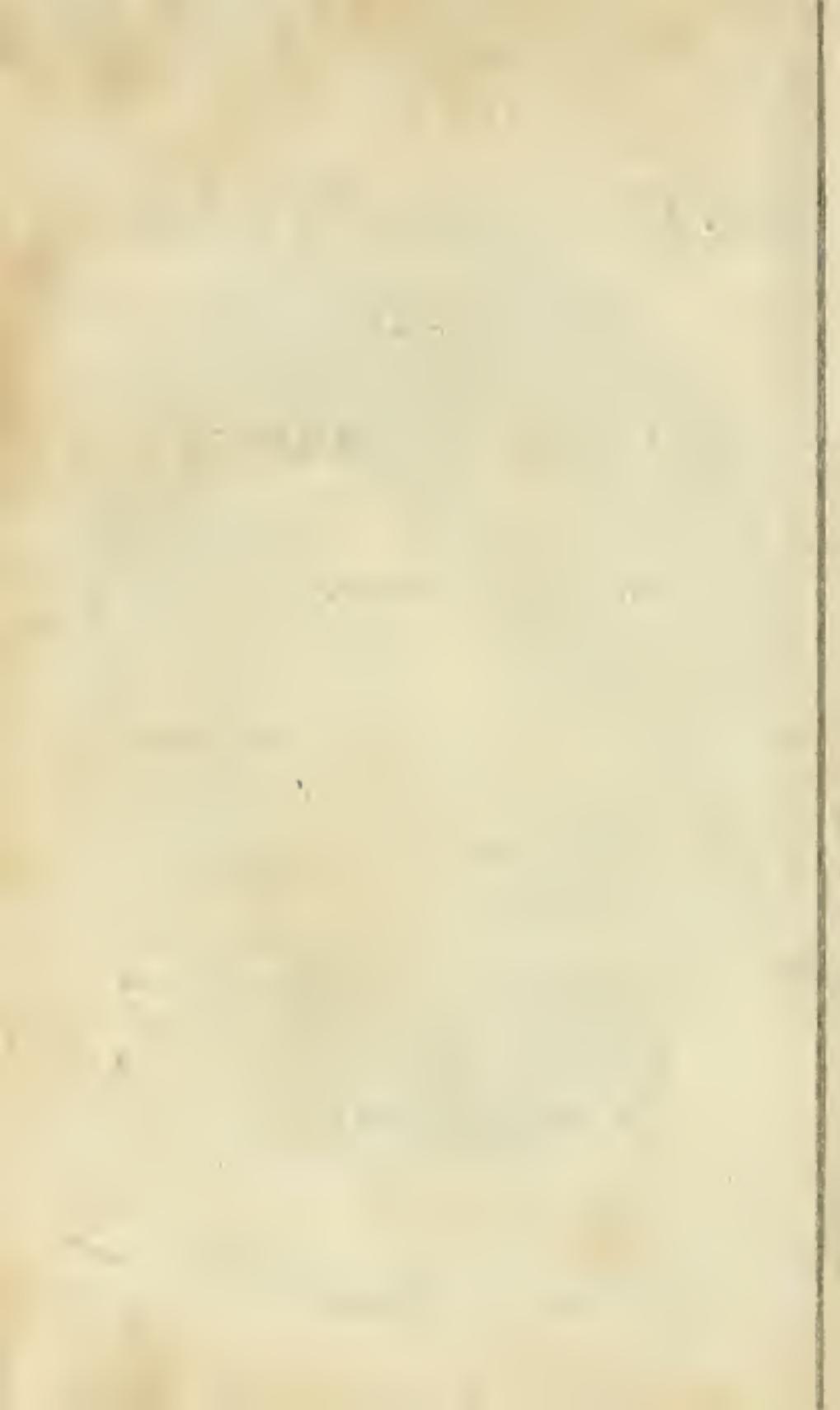
The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,  
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,  
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,  
For he of Tityrus his song did lere.

Spencer, p. 1113.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for J. Robertson, No. 4, Horse-Wynd,  
and No. 6, Leith-Street,



To the Right Honourable  
SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of *Kennedy* and *Montgomery*: Be-

## DEDICATION.

that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetnes of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays: Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: But your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for whilst you are posseſſed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better sense than good nature, "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be ſome strength in the refection, if the Idalian regifters were of as ſhort duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of diſtinguished characters—I write this laſt sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleafe your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall vanish like a morning vapour:—I shall hope to be clasped with Tasso and Guarini, and ſing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,  
One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's moſt obedient,  
and moſt devoted fervant,  
ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO

# THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

*With the following Pastoral.*

---

A CCEPT, O Eglintoun ! the rural lays,  
A That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays !  
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,  
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,  
That oft has fung, her lift'ning youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,  
Once more relumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.  
O ! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,  
In the cool evening negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
Propitious here, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructe<sup>r</sup> from these scenes, what glowing fires  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires !  
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :  
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise !  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !  
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,  
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,  
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,  
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent !  
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,  
In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,  
Love courted beauty in a golden age,

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,  
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.  
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,  
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:  
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,  
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the Rural State bestows  
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:  
Secure alike from envy and from care,  
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:  
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,  
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,  
In humble goodness, and in calm content:  
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
Sinless and pure, in fair Huemeia's soul.

But now the Rural State these joys has lost:  
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:  
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,  
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.  
Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,  
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,  
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
Companion to an upright sober race.  
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,  
Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
She uninvited came a welcome guest;  
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:

Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,  
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;  
Then dow'ries beauty lost the power to move ;  
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love :  
Bounteons no more, and hospitably good,  
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood :  
The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise :  
The peaceful Household fill'd with dire alarms :  
The ravish'd virgin mourns her flighted charins :  
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,  
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :  
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,  
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happiness ! from human race retir'd,  
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd ?  
Nun sober and devout ! why art thou fled,  
To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?  
Virgin of aspect mild ! ah why, unkind,  
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?  
O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
Where, with thy fire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.  
Or say, dost thou a dutous handmaid wait  
Familiar at the chambers of the great ?  
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call  
To noisy revel and to midnight ball ?  
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,  
Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?  
Or, with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,  
Conversing freely in an evening walk ?  
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?

Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,  
Still musing silent at the morning hour?  
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
In Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,  
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:  
In vain we seek the city or the cell,  
Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell:  
Nor need mankind despair those joys to know,  
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:  
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,  
But many passions must the blessing cost;  
Infernal malice, i'ly pining hate,  
And envy, grieving at another's slate;  
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.  
When these are in the human bosom nurst,  
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?  
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,  
Calm and serene enjoys the heav'ly guest;  
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:  
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,  
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;  
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name.  
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?  
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,  
And backward Merit loses all its fears:  
Supremely blest by heaven, heaven's richest grace,  
Confest is thine an early blooming race;  
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,  
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm:

What transports shall they to thy soul impart  
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),  
When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,  
And sighing youth's imploring to be blest :  
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,  
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine ?  
Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,  
The lovely Eglintoun's of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,  
And listen to thy native poet's strains :  
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,  
The garb our muses wore in former years :  
As in a glass reflected, here behold  
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old :  
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,  
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;  
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,  
To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,  
Let this, O Eglintoun ! delight thee most,  
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

'TO JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

*Secretary of the Admiralty,*

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE  
SHEPHERD.

---

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna<sup>2</sup>,  
Are o'er the hills and far awa<sup>3</sup>;  
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla<sup>1</sup>,  
And ilka thing  
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, and bra',  
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,  
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,  
To try anes mair the landart lay,  
Wi' a' thy speed,  
Since Burchet awns that thou can play  
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree  
Exert thy skill and nat'r'al glee,  
To him wha has fae courteously,  
To weaker fight,  
Set these \* rude sonnets fung by me  
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine  
In his fair character still shine,  
Sma' need he has of fangs like mine  
To beet his name;  
For frae the north to sothern line,  
Wide gangs his fame.

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\* To weaker fight, set these, &c.) Having done  
me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems  
into English, justly and elegantly.

His fame, which ever shall abide,  
 Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrant's pride,  
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide  
     'T invade these lands  
 Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,  
     Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen †,  
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,  
 How stubborn navies did contend  
     Upon the waves,  
 How free born Britons faught like men,  
     Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,  
 This country fang my fancy flew,  
 Keen your just merit to pursue ;  
     But ah ! I fear,  
 In giving praises that are due,  
     I grate your ea <sup>r.</sup>

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;  
 May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,  
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair  
     Of a' that's good,  
 Till unto largest life and mair  
     You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings four,  
 And may the muses, ilka hour,  
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,  
     I'm but a callan :  
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your  
     Devoted *Allan*.

---

† Frae his pen.) His valuable naval history.

## THE PERSONS.

### M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, } *two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

Glaud, } *Bauldy, a hynd engaged with Neps.*

### W O M E N.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mause, *an old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

*Time of Action within twenty-four hours.*

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by day light next morning.

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T H E

# GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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## A C T     I.

### S C E N E   I.

*Bneath the south-side of a craigie bield,  
Where crystal springs the haleosome waters yield,  
Twa youthfu' shepherds in the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.  
Poor Roger grones, till hollow echoes ring;  
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

Patie and Roger.

SANG I.—*The wawking of the faulds.*

*Patie.*

**M**Y Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet wiel I like to meet her at  
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,

Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,

I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,

To a' the lave I'm cauld:

But she gars a' my spirits glow

At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,

Whene'er I whisper love,

That I look down on a' the town,

That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles fac kindly,

It makes me blyth and bauld,

And naething gies me sic delight

As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae saftly,

When on my pipe I play;

By a' the rest it is confest,

By a' the rest that she sings best.

My Peggy sings fae saftly,

And in her sangs are tald,

Wi' innocence the wale of sensé,

At wawking of the fauld.

**T**HIS funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,  
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.

How hartiome is't to see the rising plants,

To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants;

How haleosome is't to snuff the cauler air,

And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care !

What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee grane ?

Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

*Roger.* I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !  
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.  
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,  
 Corbies and tod's to grien for lambkins blood :  
 But I, opprest wi' never ending grief,  
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.      (live,

*Patie.* The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the  
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,  
 Ere scorufa' queans, or loss of warldly gear,  
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

*Roger.* Sae might I say; but it's no easy done  
 By ane whafe faul's fae ladly out of tune.  
 You ha'e fae saft a voice, and flid a tongue,  
 You are the darling baith of auld and young.  
 If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,  
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,  
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or buught,  
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought:  
 Yet I am tall and as wiel built as thee,  
 Nor mair unlikely to a laff's eye,  
 For ilka sheep ye ha'e I'll number ten,  
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Patie.* But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,  
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part :  
 If that be true, what signifies your gear ?  
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

*Roger.* My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were  
 ' smoor'd,  
 Three elf shot were, yet I these ills endur'd :  
 In winter last my cares were very sma',  
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the straw.

*Patie.* Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as  
Lefs ye wad losf, and lefs ye wad repine. (mine,  
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:  
The o'ercome only failes fouk to keep.

*Roger.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
That thou may'st tholè the pangs of mony a losf:  
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,  
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!  
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

*Patie.* Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clute  
At the West Port, and bought a whinsome flute,  
Of plumb-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round;  
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound;  
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,  
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

*Roger.* Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,  
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:  
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,  
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

*Patie.* Now to a friend, how silly's this pretence,  
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;  
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
Your well seen love, and dory Jenny's pride:  
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,  
And safely think nane kens them but yourself.

*Roger.* Indeed now, Patie, ye have gues'd o'er true,  
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.  
Me dory Jenny looks upon asquint;  
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:  
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,  
And gars me look boinbaz'd, and unco blate;

But yesterday I met her yont a know,  
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow,  
 She Bauldy looës, Baldy that drives the car,  
 But gecks at me, and fays I smell of tar.

*Patie.* But Bauldy looës not her, right wiel I wat,  
 He sighs for Neps;—fae that may stand for that.

*Roger.* I wish I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,  
 I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.  
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,  
 Even while he fawn'd, she brak the poor dumb tyke;  
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,  
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.  
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,  
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldife scorn,  
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,  
 O'er Bog-e was the spring, and her delyte:  
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,  
 Gif the could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.  
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,  
 I'll brak my reed and never whistle mair.

*Patie.* E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck?  
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawin-gabbit chuck,  
 Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint all hope,  
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

*Roger.* I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,  
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

*Patie.* Daft gowk! leave aff that fillywhinging way;  
 Seem careles, there's my hand, e'll win the day.  
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as wiel  
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.  
 Last morning I was gayan early out,  
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowering about;

I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee ;  
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me ;  
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,  
And she was close upon me e'er she wist ;  
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw  
Her straught bare legs that whiter were than snew.  
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,  
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;  
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ;  
And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.  
Neat, neat she was, in busine waistcoat clean,  
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :  
Elythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,  
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer ?  
But I can guels, ye're gawn to gather dew ;  
She scour'd awa', and faid, What's that to you ?  
Then fare ye wiel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,  
I carelesis cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke,  
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,  
She came wi' a right thievlefs errand back :  
Misca'd me first——then bade me hound my dog,  
To wear up three waff'ews stray'd on the bog.  
I leugh ; and fae did she ; then wi' great haste  
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist ;  
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth  
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.  
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,  
My very faul came lowping to my lips.  
Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka finack,  
But wiel I kend she meant na as she spak.  
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,  
Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soон she'll change her mood :  
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.—Tune, *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
And answser kindness wi' a flight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,  
For women in a man delight :  
But them despise who're soon defeat,  
And wi' a simple face gi'e way  
To a repulse—then be not blate,  
Push bauldly on, and win the day.  
  
When maidens, innocently young,  
Say aften what they never mean :  
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;  
But tent the language of their een ;  
If these agree, and she persist  
To answer all your love wi' hate,  
Sœk elsewhere to be better blest,  
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

*Roger.* Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,  
Ye'r ay fae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art  
To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,  
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.  
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,  
(My mother, rest her faul ! she made it fine);  
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,  
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :  
Wi' spraings like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black;  
I never had it yet upon my back.  
Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e fae kind  
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

*Patie.* Wiel, ha'd ye there—and since ye've frankly  
To me a present of your bra' new plaid, (made  
My flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice,  
Shall come a-will, gif ve'll tak my advice.

*Roger.* As ye advise, I'll promise to obser'v't;  
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best delerv't;  
Now tak it out and gie's a bonny spring;  
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

*Patie.* But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,  
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:  
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,  
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;  
Might please the dentiest gabs, were they fae wife  
To season meet wi' health, instead of spice.  
When we ha'e tane the grace drink at this well,  
I'll whistle fyne, and sing t' ye like myself. (Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*A flowrie howm between twa verdant brass,  
Whare lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,  
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,  
Its channel pebbles, shining smooth and round:  
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;  
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.*

Peggy and Jenny.

Jenny.

*COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,  
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;  
The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,  
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.*

*Peggy.* Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,  
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow :  
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,  
 The water fa's, and makes a singan din :  
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glaefs,  
 Kiftes with easye whirles the bord'ring grafs.  
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,  
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,  
 There wash our tells—'tis healthfu' now in May,  
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

*Jenny.* Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say  
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae  
 And see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,  
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses y'e're no blate.

*Peggy.* We're far'frae ony road, and out o' fight ;  
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height ;  
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,  
 What gars ye plague your woer wi' disdain ?  
 The neighbours a' tent this as wiel as I,  
 That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.  
 What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,  
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

*Jenny.* I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,  
 A herd nair sheepish yet I never kend.  
 He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,  
 Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug ;  
 Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,  
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his kneec.  
 He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,  
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair ;  
 For'a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
 Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day,*

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,  
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:  
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,  
 What like's a dory maiden, when she's auld?  
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,  
 That for some fecklefs whim will o'er and greet.  
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,  
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or scart another's leavings at the last.

SANG III.—Tune, *Polwart on the Green.*

The dory will repent,  
 If lover's heart grow cauld,  
 And nane her smiles will tent,  
 Soon as her face looks auld:  
 The dawted bairn thus takts the pet,  
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,  
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,  
 And's laught at by the lave.  
 They jest it till the dinner's past;  
 Thus by itself abus'd,  
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.  
 Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.  
 Peggy. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,  
 That men were made for us, and we for men.  
 Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himself,  
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
 He glows and sighs, and I can guefs the cause:  
 Bot wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,  
I'ze tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;  
The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

*Peggy.* Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind  
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

*Jenny.* Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle skull?  
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.  
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life  
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man aad wife.

*Peggy.* I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,  
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,  
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,  
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.  
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,  
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.  
He's get his will: Why no? 'tis good my part  
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

*Jenny.* He may indeed for ten or fifteen days  
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,  
And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;  
But soon as his newfangledness is gane,  
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,  
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.  
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,  
Ae day be dunib, and a' the neist he'll flyte:  
And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stick  
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

#### SANG IV.—*Tune, O dear mither, what shall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do,  
 Left a harder luck betide you.  
 Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,  
 Think of nought but to be marry'd ;  
 Running to a life destroys  
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

*Peggy.* Sic coarse spun thoughts as thae want pith  
 to move

My fettl'd mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love.  
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,  
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.  
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green  
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.  
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,  
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart ;  
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,  
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.  
 Ilk day that he's alone upon the hill,  
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill ;  
 He is—but what need I say that or this.  
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !  
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,  
 The rest seem coots compar'd wi' my dear Pate.  
 His better sensē will lang his love secure ;  
 Ill nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.—Tune, *How can I be sad on my wedding-day?*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,  
 That has better sensē than ony of thae  
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,  
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives sinools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,  
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife ;  
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse  
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

*Jenny.* Hey *Bonny Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,  
 Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.  
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;  
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle-fide,  
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din :  
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.  
 Ae wean fa's fick, ane scads itfell wi' brue,  
 An breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.  
 The *De'il gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,  
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

*Peggy.* Yes it's a heartfome thing to be a wife,  
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife..  
 Gif I'm fae happy, I shall ha'e delight  
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.  
 Wow, *Jenny* ! can there greater pleasure be  
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;  
 When a' they ettle at——their greatest wish,  
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs ?  
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night  
 The like of them when love makes care delight ?

*Jenny.* But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',  
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw :  
 Eut little love or cauty cheer can come  
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.  
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away  
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—  
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,  
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews ;

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,  
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.  
 Wi' glooman brow the laird feeks in his rent:  
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:  
 His honour maunna want; he poins your gear:  
 Syne, driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye steer?  
 Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a ſingle life;  
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

*Peggy.* May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe  
 Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.  
 Let fouk bode wiel, and strive to do their beſt;  
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the reſt.  
 I've heard my honeſt uncle aften fay  
 That lads ſhou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray;  
 For the maift thrifty man could never get  
 A wiel stor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let:  
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part  
 To gather wealth to raiſe my Shepherd's heart:  
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,  
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,  
 For healfſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.  
 A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,  
 Shall first be ſald to pay the laird his due:  
 Syne a' behind's our ain—thus without fear,  
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will ſteer;  
 And when my mate in bairns and gear grows rife,  
 He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jenny.* But what if ſome young giglet on the green,  
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,  
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,  
 And her kend kiffes hardly worth a feg?

*Peggy.* Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,  
 There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we;

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind  
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind :  
 They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,  
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile ;  
 Sae, whensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,  
 Tis ten to aye the wives are maist to blame.  
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art  
 To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart :  
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,  
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will :  
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,  
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;  
 As soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,  
 The feething pat's be ready to tak aff ;  
 Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,  
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford :  
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be  
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows  
 Cauld,  
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find  
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.  
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,  
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy,  
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,  
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;  
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preft,  
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,  
 And in their mixture now are fully blest : }  
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast ;  
 That in return defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand singe (a state fae lik'd by you !)

Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield  
 Your better fense has fairly wen the field,  
 With the assistance of a little fae  
 Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—Tune, *Nancy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,  
 And there is nae denying,  
 That, sure as light flows frae the sun,  
 Frae love proceeds complying ;  
 For a' that we can do or say  
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,  
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,  
 That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair  
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air :  
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as wiel's we can,  
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for fee the sun  
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun  
 To freath the graith ; if canker'd Madge, our aunt  
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :  
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;  
 For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green ;  
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.  
 Or this side stands a barn, on that a byre :  
 A peat stack joins, and forms a rural square.  
 The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,  
 And to his divot seat invite his frien'.*

Glaud and Symon

Glaud.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,  
 And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in  
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,                   (town,  
 And fald your Crummock, and her baffen'd quey.  
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;  
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.               (boy  
 Symon. Wi' a' my heart—and tent me now, auld  
 've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.  
 cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,  
 To tell ye things ba'e taken sic a turn,  
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,  
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.           (stand

Glaud. Fy blaw !—Ah, Symie ! rattling chiel's ne'er  
 To cleek and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,  
 Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near :  
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen  
 Iab, that abroad has wi' our master been ;  
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,  
 And left a fair estate to save his head,

Because ye ken fu' wiel he bravely chose  
 To stand his Liege's friend wi' great Montrose :  
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick ; and ane ca'd Monk  
 Has play'd the Rumble a right flee begunk,  
 Restor'd King Charles ; and ilka thing's in tune ;  
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soон.

*Glaud.* That makes me blyth indeed !—but dinn  
 Tell o'er your news again ! and swear till't a'. (flav  
 And saw ye Hab ! and what did Halbert say ?  
 They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.  
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame ;  
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

*Simon.* They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did —  
 grane ;  
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
 And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain,

SANG VII.—Tune, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels cast,  
 Oppressors base and bloody,  
 I hope we'll see them at the last  
 Strung a' up in a woody.  
 Blest be he of worth and sense,  
 And ever high in station,  
 That bravely stands in the defence  
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

*Glaud.* And may he lang ; for never did he stent  
 Us in our thrieving wi' a racket rent ;  
 Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
 Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claiths.

*Symon.* Nor wad he lang, wi' senselis fauncy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

" Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak afeat—  
How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa—How does Kate?—  
How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?"  
And sic like kindly questions wad he speir.

SANG VIII.—Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour  
To rise aboon poverty:  
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd  
And berden'd, will tumble down faint;  
This virtue by hardship is smother'd  
And rackers aft tine their rent.

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen  
The nappy bottle ben, and glassees clean,  
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,  
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.  
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,  
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day:  
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' fight,  
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.  
I'll yoke my fled, and send to the neist town,  
And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown;  
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,  
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

*Symon.* I wadna bauk my friend his blyth desighn,  
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:  
For e'er-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;

A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,  
 And a large ham hangs reeſting in the nook :  
 I ſaw myſell, or I came o'er the loan,  
 Our meikle pat, that feads the whey, put on,  
 A mutton book to boil—and ane we'll roaſt ;  
 And on the haggies Elspa ſpares nae coaſt :  
 Smia' are they thorn, and ſhe can mix fu' nice  
 The gulty ingans wi' a curn o' ſpice :  
 Fat are the puddings—heads and feet wiel fung :  
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,  
 To paſs this afternoon wi' glee and game,  
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.  
 Ye maunna then refufe to join the reſt,  
 Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like best :  
 Bring wi' ye a' your family ; and then,  
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

*Glaud.* Spoke like ye'r ſell, auld-birkie, never fear,  
 But at your banquet I ſhall first appear :  
 Faith, we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,  
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld ;  
 Auld, ſaid I !—Troth, I'm younger be a ſcore,  
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before :  
 I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, com forth ; d'ye hear?

*Enter Madge.*

*Madge.* The man's gane gyte !—Dear Symon, wel-  
 come here—

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haſte and din ?  
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin ! fnuff !—Gae break your wheel, and  
 burn your tow,  
 And ſet the meikleſt peat ſtack in a low ;

Syne dance about the banefire 'till ye die,  
Since now again we'll soон Sir William see.

*Madge.* Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't talk  
you o't.

*Glaud.* What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's  
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,      (coat;  
My whyt-skin hofe, and mittans for my hands;  
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,  
And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waist,  
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;  
For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

*Symon.* Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er  
the gate,  
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.      (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The open field—A cottage in a glen,  
An auld wife spinning at the funny en'.  
At a small distance by a blasted tree,  
Wi' faulded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see  
Bauldy his lane.*

**W**HAT'S this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than  
To besae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell! (hell,  
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,  
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;  
Elyther than lambs that trisk out o'er the knows;  
Straughtter than aught that in the forest grows.  
Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;  
The lily in her breast its beauty tines:  
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,  
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For Pate looës her,—waes me ! and she looës Pate ;  
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,  
Made a daft vow !—O ! but ane be a beast,  
That makes rash aiths 'till he's afore the priest.  
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,  
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy :  
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,  
To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.  
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,  
Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice :  
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,  
And mak the de'ilis obedient to her crune :  
At midnight-hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,  
And hawks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;  
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pou :  
Runs withershins about the henlock low,  
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,  
'Till I'lotcock comes wi' lunips of Lapland clay,  
Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and snakes :  
Of this unsomfy pictures aft she makes  
Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire  
Wi' flaw and racking pains afore a fire ;  
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;  
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.  
And yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu' wiel,  
When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il :  
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;  
To speak my errand, faith amaist I'm fear'd :  
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;  
They gallop fast that de'ilis and lasses drive. (Exit.)

## SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,  
Where water peoplin springs:  
There sits a wife wi' wrinkl'd front,  
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX.—Tune, *Carle, an' the king come.*

*Mause.*

PEGGY, now the King's come,  
Peggy, now the King's come,  
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,  
Peggy, since the King's come;  
Nae mair the haukeys shalt thou milk,  
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,  
And be a lady of that ilk,  
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

*Enter Bauldy.*

Bau. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?  
Ye look baith hale and feir at threelcore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,  
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sin.  
What brings by bairn this gate fae air at morn?  
Is there nae muck to lead—to thresh, nae corn?

Bau. Enough of baith—But something that requires  
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand! alake! what can I do  
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bau. Ay, but you're wife, and wiser far than we,  
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

*Mause.* Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,  
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

*Bau.* The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and  
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (fell,

*Mause.* What frouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;  
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

*Bau.* Wiel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw :  
When laist the wind made Glaud a roofleſſ barn ;  
When laist the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;  
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;  
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came ;  
When Beffy Frettock's chuffy-cheeked wean  
To a fairy turn'd, and coudna stand its lane ;  
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,  
And tint himsell amang the snaw ;  
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,  
When he brought east the Howdy under night ;  
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green ;  
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;  
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out ;  
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about ;  
And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith ;  
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :  
But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please  
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

*Mause.* I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,  
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

*Bau.* Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—  
Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and flee,  
And looses sweet Meg—But Neps I downa fee—

Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then  
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

*Mause.* I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,  
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;  
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,  
Worth a' your pease and groats, tak ye nae care.

*Bau.* Wiel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;  
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;  
Syne, rain, and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,  
Will mak the night fae mirk, I'll tine the gate.  
We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast,  
O will ye come like badraus for a jest;  
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;  
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

*Mause.* 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past  
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

*Bau.* If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,  
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

(*Exit Bauldy.*

*Mause her lane.*

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and eild,  
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,  
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,  
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*  
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic,  
Because by education I was taught  
To speak and act aboon their common thought:  
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear; (here;  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me  
Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

C 3

(*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Beliind a tree upon the plain,  
Pate and his Peggy meet,  
In love without a vicious stain,  
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain  
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

Patie and Peggy.

Peggy.

O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.  
*Patie, I'm laith to part fae soон; now we're alone,  
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alone themselves, I judge, as we.  
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:  
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How faft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds.*

Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy  
breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;  
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind.  
Cif I cou'd fancy aught's fae sweet or fair  
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.  
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,  
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'r's appear:  
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,  
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats.  
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,  
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,  
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

*Peggy.* But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,  
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.  
I darna stay ;—ye joker, let me gang ;  
Anither lass may gar ye change your fang ;  
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

*Patie.* Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,  
And wrang the bairn fits smiling on her lap :  
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,  
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,  
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,  
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

*Peggy.* Then keep your aith—But mony lads will  
    swear,  
And be mansworn to twa in half a year ;  
Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel ;  
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd fleal,  
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,  
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

*Patie.* I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,  
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year :  
I mind it wiel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
Or lispe out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang  
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,  
Aft to the tanfy know or rashy strand ;  
Thou smiling by my side—I took delight  
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots fae white,  
Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

*Peggy.* When firſt thou gade wi' shepherds to the  
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill,         (hill),

To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,  
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

*Patie.* When corns grew yellow, and the hether-  
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells, (bells  
Nae birns, or briars, or whins e'er troubl'd me,  
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. (stane.

*Peggy.* When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the  
And wan the day, my heart was fightering fain :  
At a' these sports thou still gave joy to me ;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

*Patie.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowdenknowes*,  
And Rosie lilts the *Milking of the ews* ;  
There's nane, like Nanfy, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;  
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings :  
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,  
*The Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's mill*,  
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;  
Tho' they sing wiel, they canna sing like thee.

*Peggy.* How eith can lasses trow what they desire !  
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire :  
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;  
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.  
Be still as now ; and a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at  
the acting as follows.*

SANG X.—Tune, *The yellow hair'd laddie*.

*Peggy.*

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,  
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,  
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

*Patie.*

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells  
 Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gae trouble to me,  
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

*Peggy.*

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain ;  
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;  
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

*Patie.*

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom* knows,  
 And Rosie lilts sweetly the *Milking the ews* ;  
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing ;  
 At *Thro' the wood, laddie*, Befs gars our lugs ring.  
 But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,  
 The *Boatman*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the mill*,  
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me :  
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

*Peggy.*

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !  
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :  
 Gi' me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

*Patie.* Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,  
 That little better than our nowt behave,  
 At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,  
 Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—  
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how  
 Either to keep a prize or yet prove true :  
 But thou in better sense, without a flaw,  
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.

Continue kind, and a' my cares shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*Peggy.* Agreed ;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's  
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay. (cry,

*Patie.* And let them ferly—Now a kindly kiss,  
Or five-score good anes wadna be amiss ;  
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you and me.

*Peggy.* Sing first, syne claim your hire—

*Patie.* —————— Wiel, I agree.

### SANG XI.—*To its air tune.*

*Patie.*

By the delicious warmnes of thy mouth,  
And rowing eyes, that smiling tell the truth,  
I guess, my laffie, that as wiel as I,  
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

*Peggy.*

But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soон,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :  
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her power,  
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

*Patie.*

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetnes they may tyne, and sae may ye ;  
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,  
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

*Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.*

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a' :

But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,  
And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

*Patie, with his left hand about her waist.*

O charming armfu ! hence ye cares away,  
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day ;  
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

*Sung by both.*

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
And haste about our bridal-day ;  
And if your weary'd, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

### A C T III.

#### S C E N E I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading line,  
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time;  
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,  
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.  
But whisht ! it is the knight in mascurade,  
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad,  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'er moves  
Thro' his auld av'nues, ones delightfu' groves.

*Sir William, solus.*

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,  
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes  
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,  
Which once I lost—which now are mine again,

Yet 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,  
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.  
Yonder ! ah me, it desolately stands,  
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;  
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,  
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
My stables and pavilions, broken walls !  
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :  
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,  
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;  
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,  
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks ;  
But overgrow'n with nettles, docks, and brier, —  
No Jaccacinths or Eglantines appear.  
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,  
Where peach and necl'trine branches found a bield,  
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce  
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the use :  
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,  
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.  
These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my joy  
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,  
My only prop, and obje&t of my care,  
Since heav'n too loon call'd home his mother fair :  
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,  
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,  
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,  
Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.  
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,  
And ranges carelef's o'er the height and lawn,  
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,  
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,  
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully  
 A calm contented mortal spends his time  
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

*Or sung as follows.*

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn  
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,  
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,  
 After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,  
 He chants and whistles out the day ;  
 Untaught to sinile, and then betray,  
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,  
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,  
 When truth and love with joy agree,  
 Unfally'd with a crime :

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
 In propping of their pride and state,  
 He lives and unafraid of fate,  
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,  
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;  
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,  
 My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

(Exit Sir William.

## SCENE II.

*Tis Symon's house, please to step in,  
 And visy't round and round ;  
 There's nougnt superfl'ous to give pain,  
 Or costly to be found.  
 Yet all is clean; a clear peat ingle  
 Glances amidst the floor :  
 The green horn spoons, beach luggies mingle  
 On shelv's foregainst the door.  
 While the young brood sport on the green,  
 The auld anes think it best,  
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,  
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.*

Symon, Glaud, and Elspa.

Glaud.

WE anes were young our fells—I like to see  
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrylie :  
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,  
 And better looks than his I never bade ;  
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa' :  
 And tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.      (baith) ;  
 Elspa. Poor man !—he's a great comfort to us  
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.  
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, wiel worth our care,  
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,  
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,  
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
 As ye wiel ken ; a bonnier needna be,  
 Nor better—be't she were nae kin to me.

*Symon.* Ha, Glaud ! I doubt that ne'er will be a  
My l'atie's wild, and will be ill to catch ; (match,  
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,  
I'd rather be mix't wi' the mools myself.

*Glaud.* What reasons can ye ha'e ? There's nae,  
I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor ;  
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,  
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind ;  
Four score of breeding ews of my ain birn,  
Five ky that at ae milking fill a kirn,  
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride ;  
By and attour, if my good luck abide,  
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,  
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

*Eʃpa.* Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer  
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

*Symon.* Or this day eight-days likely ye shall learn,  
That our denial disna flight his bairn. (bend,

*Glaud.* We'll nae mair o't ;—come, gi'es the other  
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

(*Their healths gae round.*)

*Symon.* But will ye tell me, Glaud ? By some 'tis  
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid (laid,  
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,  
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

*Glaud.* That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic  
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws. (flaws,

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* O father, there's an auld man on the green,  
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen ;

He tents our loofs, and fyne whops out a book,  
 Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'ēs our brows a look :  
 Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard :  
 His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

*Symon.* Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can  
 Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day. (say,  
 (Exit Jenny.)

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,  
 He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

*Glaud.* Spaen-men ! the truth o' their laws I doubt,  
 For greater liars never ran thereout.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with  
 them Patie.*

*Symon.* Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak a seat.

*Sir W.* I give thee thanks, good man, I'fe no be  
 blate. (ye the day ?)

*Glaud.* (drinks.) Come, t'ye, friend—How far came

*Sir W.* I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way ;  
 Roasted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,  
 Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Symon.* Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,  
 And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e. (bairn

*Sir W.* That's kind unsought.—Wiel, gin ye ha'e a  
 That ye like wiel, and wad his fortune learn,  
 I shall employ the farthest of my skill  
 To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

*Symon.* (pointing to Patie.) Only that lad—alake ! I  
 have nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

*Sir W.* Young man, let's fee your hand, what gars  
 ye sneer ?

*Patie.* Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

*Sir W.* Ye cut before the point ; but, billy, bide,  
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

*Elspa.* Beteech-us-to ! and wiel I wat that's true;  
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er girt wi' you;  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

*Sir W.* I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd  
But a short while, he'll be a bra' rich laird.

*Elspa.* A laird ! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye  
now ?

*Symon.* I dinna ken ! Strange auld man, what art  
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth ;  
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

*Patie's health gaes round.*

*Patie.* A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,  
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,  
Is a' my great estate—and like to be :  
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

*Symon.* Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er your  
hand,

Astymes as broken a ship has come to land.

(*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*)

*Elspa.* Preserves!—the man's a warlock, or possest  
Wi' some nae good, or second-fight at least :  
Where is he now ?——

*Gland.*——He's seeing a' that's done  
In alka place beneath or yont the moon.

*Elspa.* These second-fighted fouks, his peace be here !  
See things far aff, and tthings to come as clear

As I can see my thumb-wow ! can he tell  
 (Speer at him soon as he comes to himself)  
 How soon we'll see Sir William ? Whisht, he heaves,  
 And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

*Symon.* He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haite ye, gae  
 And fill up a tafs of usquebae.

*Sir William starts up and speaks.*

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought  
 Against a herd of bears,  
 Was to lang toil and trouble brought,  
 In which some thousands shares:  
 But now again the *Lyon* rares,  
 And joy spreads o'er the plain.  
 The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,  
 The Knight returns again.  
 That knight in a few days shall bring  
 A shepherd frae the fauld,  
 And shall present him to his King,  
 A subject true and bauld :  
 He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd—  
 All you that hear me now  
 May wiel believe what I have tald,  
 For it shall happen true.

*Symon.* Friend, may your spaeing happen soон and  
 wiel ;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,  
 To tell some tales that souk wad secret keep ;  
 Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

*Sir W.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,  
 Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Symon.* You prophelying fouks are odd kind men !  
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken  
The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,  
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

*Glaud.* 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believess,  
And tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives  
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :  
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

*Sir W.* Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for e'er the sun  
Has driven twice down to the sea,  
What I have said, ye shall see done  
In part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* Wiel, be't sae, friend ; I shall fay naething  
mair ;

But I've twa lonsy lasses, young and fair,  
Plunip, ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee  
Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.

*Sir W.* Nae mair thro' secrets can I fift,  
Till darkness black the bent ;  
I have but anes a day that gift,  
Sae rest a while content. (meat,

*Synnon.* Elspa, cast on the claih, fetch butt some  
And of your best gar this sul'd stranger eat.

*Sir W.* Delay a while your hospitable care ;  
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair  
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk  
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

*Symon.* Soon as you please I'll answere your desire  
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;



We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,  
Synے sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

*Glaud.* I'll out a while, and see the young anes  
play;  
*My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.*

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,  
Young Roger draps the rest,  
To whisper out his melting flame,  
And thow his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, twiel hid frae sight, they meet;  
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.  
Poor Shepherd!*

Roger and Jenny.

*Roger.*

**D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,  
And yet I ergh ye're ay fae scornfu' set.

*Jenny.* And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?  
Am I oblig'd to gues what ye're to seek?

*Roger.* Yes, ye may gues right eith for what I grein,  
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:  
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,  
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith even and morn.  
Ah! cou'd I loo'e ye less, I'd happy be,  
Eut happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

*Jenny.* And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?  
Ye canna say that e'er I faid ye nay.

*Roger.* Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,  
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,

238

23

or

GENTLE SHEPHERD



Tattice  
Sir with paternal love surveys her charms  
And blame me not for rushing to her arms  
Act 3. Sc. 3.

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,  
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

*Jenny.* I loo my father, cousin Meg I love ;  
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd move :  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;  
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

*Roger.* How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that agaist,  
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?  
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free ;  
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

*Jenny.* Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set  
On that whilk makes our sweetnes soon forget :  
Wow ! but we're bonny, good, and every thing !  
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !  
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,  
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent :  
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,  
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

*Roger.* That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,  
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare :  
Or when dull parents bairns together bind  
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind :  
But love, true downright love, engages me,  
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

*Jenny.* What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa' ?  
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.  
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,  
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies ;  
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,  
And soon in mossy puddles disappear ;  
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;  
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

*Roger.* I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,  
 The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night :  
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,  
 Increase and join the ocean, without stain :  
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;  
 Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

*Jenny.* Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love main-  
 The fewest words my easy heart could gain : (tain,  
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,  
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company :  
 And ever had a warmnel in my breast,  
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

*Roger.* I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! had my head !  
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.  
 Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd  
 Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kiss till we be tir'd.  
 Kiss, kiss ! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,  
 And ferly at the quick return of day.  
 O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,  
 And brise thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

*Which may be sung as follows.*

SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leith Wynd.*

*Jenny.*

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,  
 You should nae mair complain ;  
 The easy maid beset wi' love,  
 Few words will quickly gain :  
 For I must own, now, since you're free,  
 This too fond heart of mine  
 Has lang, a black sole true to thee,  
 Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

*Roger.*

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head  
 Upon thy breast recline !  
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,  
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?—  
 O let me brise thee to my heart !  
 And rounid my arms entwine :  
 Delytfu' thought, we'll never part !  
 Come, press thy lips to mine.

*Jenny.* Wi' equal joy my fafter heart does yield,  
 To own thy wiel-try'd love has won the field.  
 Now by these warmest kisses thou haft tane,  
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

*Roger.* I swear by fifty thousand yet to come  
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,  
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,  
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

*Jenny.* Wiel, I agree—niest to my parent gae,  
 Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nae ;  
 Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,  
 Auld fouk like them that want na milk and meal.

#### SANG XIV.—Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Wiel, I agree, you're sure of me,  
 Next to my father gae ;  
 Make him content to gi'e consent,  
 He'll hardly sae you nae :  
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you wiel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,  
 He'd contradict in vain ;  
 Tho' a' my kin had faid and sworn,  
 But thee I will ha'e nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like these in high degree ;  
 And if you prove faithfu' in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

*Roge.* My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,  
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt ;  
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,  
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.  
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,  
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made :  
 Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight  
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
 They left me a', which now gie's joy to me,  
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :  
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,  
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair :  
 My love and a' is yours ; now had them fast,  
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

\* *Jenny.* I'll do my best ; but see wha comes this way  
 Patie and Meg—besides, I maunna stay ;  
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;  
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn. (pool,

*Roger.* To where the saugh-tree shades the menin  
 I'll fae the hill come down, when day grows cool :  
 Keep tryst and meet me there ; there let us meet,  
 To kifs and tell our loves ; there's nougnt fae sweet.

## SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,*  
*Within a gallery of the place,*  
*Where a' looks ruinous and grim;*  
*Nor has the Baron shown his face,*  
*But joking wi' his shepherd leel,*  
*Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

*Sir William and Symon.*

*Sir William.*

**T**O whom belongs this house so much decay'd?  
 Symon. To ane wha lost it lending gen'rous aid,  
 To bear the Head up when rebellious Tail  
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.  
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,  
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

(*Sir William drops his masking beard;*  
*Symon transported sees*  
*The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,*  
*And grasps him round the knees.*)

My master! my dear master!—do I breath  
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!  
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants fight!  
 To bliss his Son, my charge, the world's delight.

*Sir W.* Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy  
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:  
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,  
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Since still the secret thou'rt securely seal'd,  
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

*Symon.* The due obedience to your strict command  
Was the first lock——neift my ain judgment fand  
Out reasons plenty——since, without estate, (blate:  
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks baugh and

*Sir W.* And aften vain and idly spend their time,  
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,  
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast,  
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

*Symon.* Now, wiel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true  
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by fe w:  
His father steght his fortune in his warne,  
And left his heir nougħt but a gentle name.  
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,  
As scriupt of manners as of sense and grace,  
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin  
That are within his tenth degree of kin:  
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust  
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

*Sir W.* Such useleſs branches of a common-wealtheſt,  
Shou'd be lop'd off to gi'e a ſtate mair health:  
Unworthy bare refection——*Symon,* run  
O'er a' your obſeruations on my ſon;  
A parent's fondneſſe eaſily finds excuse,  
But do not wi' indulgence truth abuse.

*Symon.* To ſpeak his praife, the langeſt ſimmer day  
Wad be o'er ſhort—cou'd I them right display.  
In word and deed he can fae wiel behave,  
That out of fight he runs before the lave:  
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,  
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is belt;

And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand ;  
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand ;  
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,  
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

*Sir IV.* Your tale much pleases—my good friend proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

*Symon.* Baith wonder wiel ; for troth I didna spare  
 To gi'e him at the school enough of lair ;  
 And he delights in books—He reads and speaks,  
 Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

*Sir W.* Where gets he books to read—and of what kind ?

Tho' some gi'e light, some blindly lead the blind.

*Symon.* Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport :  
 Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,  
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben  
 He often speaks and ca's them best of men :  
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,  
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,  
 He kens fu' wiel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase  
 About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,  
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings. (ear,

*Sir W.* He answer'd wiel; and much ye glad my  
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear ;  
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind  
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

*Symon.* What ken we better, that fae fiddle look,  
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?  
 When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,  
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's ourself.

*Sir W.* Wiel jested, Symon; but one question more  
 I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.  
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves  
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:  
 Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien  
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,  
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

*Symon* I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,  
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet  
 Wi' Gland's fair niece than I thought right or meet.  
 I had my fears; but now ha'e nought to fear,  
 Since like yourself your son will soон appear;  
 A gentlemah enrich'd wi' a' these charms,  
 May blifs the fairest best-born lady's arms.

*Sir W.* This night must end his unambitious fire,  
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.  
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;  
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see.  
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;  
 They come just at the time I gave command:  
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress,  
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

*Symon.* Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,  
 There's nane can know that is not downright me.

(*Exit Symon.*)

*Sir William, solus.*

Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears,  
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years:





A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,  
 And cares evanish like a morning dream ;  
 When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,  
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.  
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,  
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.  
 But from his rustic busineſs and love  
 I must, in hafte, my Patrick ſoon remove,  
 To courts and camps that may his foul improve.  
 Like the rough diamond as it leaves the mine,  
     Only in little breakings ſhews its light,  
 'Till artful polishing has made it ſhine ;  
     Thus education makes the genius bright.

*Or ſung as follows.*

SANG XV.—Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity and love,  
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,  
 My gentle shepherd muſt be drove,  
 His foul muſt take another turn :  
 As the rough diamond from the mine,  
     In breakings only ſhews its light,  
 'Till polishing has made it ſhine,  
     Thus learning makes the genius bright.

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,  
Glaud's onset—Enter Mause and Madge.*

*Mause.*

OUR laird come hame ! and owns young Pate his  
That's news indeed ! — (heir !

*Madge.* — As true as ye stand there.  
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,  
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard  
Five nives in length, and white as driven sna',  
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*  
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,  
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book:  
As we stood round about him on the green,  
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;  
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,  
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

*Mause.* Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,  
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

*Madge.* As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,  
Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,  
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,  
In summer-days slides backward in a pool.  
In short he did for Pate bra' things foretell,  
Without the help of conjuring or spell;  
At laist, when wiel diverted, he withdrew,  
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew  
His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat  
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.

Patrick was sent for—happy lad was he !  
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.  
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :  
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,  
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,  
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.  
 Oer Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

*Mause.* It may be fae, wha kens, and may be no :  
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;  
 Ev'n kings hae tane a queen out of the plain ;  
 And what has been before may be again. }

*Madge.* Sic nonsense ! love tak root, bnt tocher  
 good,  
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood !  
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;  
 But siccans ferlies now we never see.

*Mause.* Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may  
 gain : }  
 Yonder he comes, and wow ! but he looks fain ;  
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

*Madge.* He get her ! slavertin doof ; it sets him wiel  
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil ?  
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master lee—

*Mause.* Ye'd be as dory in your choice as he ;  
 And so wad I. But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

*Enter Bauldy singing.*

Jenny said to Jocky, giv ye winna tell,  
 Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lass myself ;  
 Ye're a bonny lad and I'm a lassie free ;  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.  
 I trow fae.—Lasses will come to at laist,  
 Tho' for a while they maun their sua'-ba's caft.

*Mause.* Wiel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?—

*Bau.* ——Faith, unco right :  
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

*Madge.* And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask  
To find out that is nae difficult task :

Poor bonny Peggy, wha mann think nae mair  
On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.  
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be;  
While Meg's in dumps put in a word for me :  
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,  
Less wilfu' and ay constant in my love.

*Madge.* As Neps can witness and the bnshy thorn,  
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.  
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;  
What other lafs will trow a mansworn herd :  
The cnrse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,  
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.  
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;  
Nor will she be advis'd fu' wiel I wat.

*Bau.* Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest :  
Ye lied auld roudes,—and in faith had best  
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,  
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band. (brock :

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand ! ye shevelling gabbit  
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,  
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,  
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

*Bau.* I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say  
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,  
And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims ;  
Ye filthy dog !

(*Flees to his hair like a fury—a stout battle—*  
*Mause endeavours to redd them,*

*Mause.* Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt,  
Bauldy, leen;  
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,  
'Tis sae daft like—

(Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.

*Madge.* — 'Tis dafter like to thole  
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.  
It sets him wiel, wi' vile unscrapt tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young;  
They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,  
And, or they died, their bairns's bairns ha'e seen.

*Mause.* That's true ; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,  
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.  
Bau. My lues my nef- and noddle find the

*Bau.* My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the fame.

*Madge.* Auld roudes! filthily fallow, I shall auld ye.  
*Muse.* Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest  
Faulkner.

Bauldy. — *Scot.* bold, saucy, impudent.

Come, come, thake hands ; this maun nae farder gae,  
Ye maun forgi'e 'm ; I see the lad looks wae.

*Bau.* In troth now, Maule, I ha'e at Madge nae  
For she abusing first was a' the wyte                   (spite;  
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave  
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.   (greet,

*Madge.* I crave your pardon ! Gallows face, gae  
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat ;  
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,  
Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.

Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?  
- Swith tak him de'il, he's o'er lang out of hell.

*Bau.* (*running off.*) His presence be about us!—Curst were he  
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

*Exit Bauldy.*

*Madge* (*laughing.*) I think I have towzled his hairy gals a wee;  
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.  
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve  
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;  
His bleeding snoot ga'e me nae little sport:  
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,  
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,  
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand  
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

*Madge.* A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,  
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear.

*Mause.* Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,  
Obliges fouk resentment to decline,  
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we  
Wi' cunning can the lack of pith supply:  
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,  
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark:  
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here  
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

*Madge.* And special sport we'll ha'e as I protest:  
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.  
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,  
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:  
We'll fleg him fae he'll mint nae mair to gang  
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

# GENTLE SHEPHERD

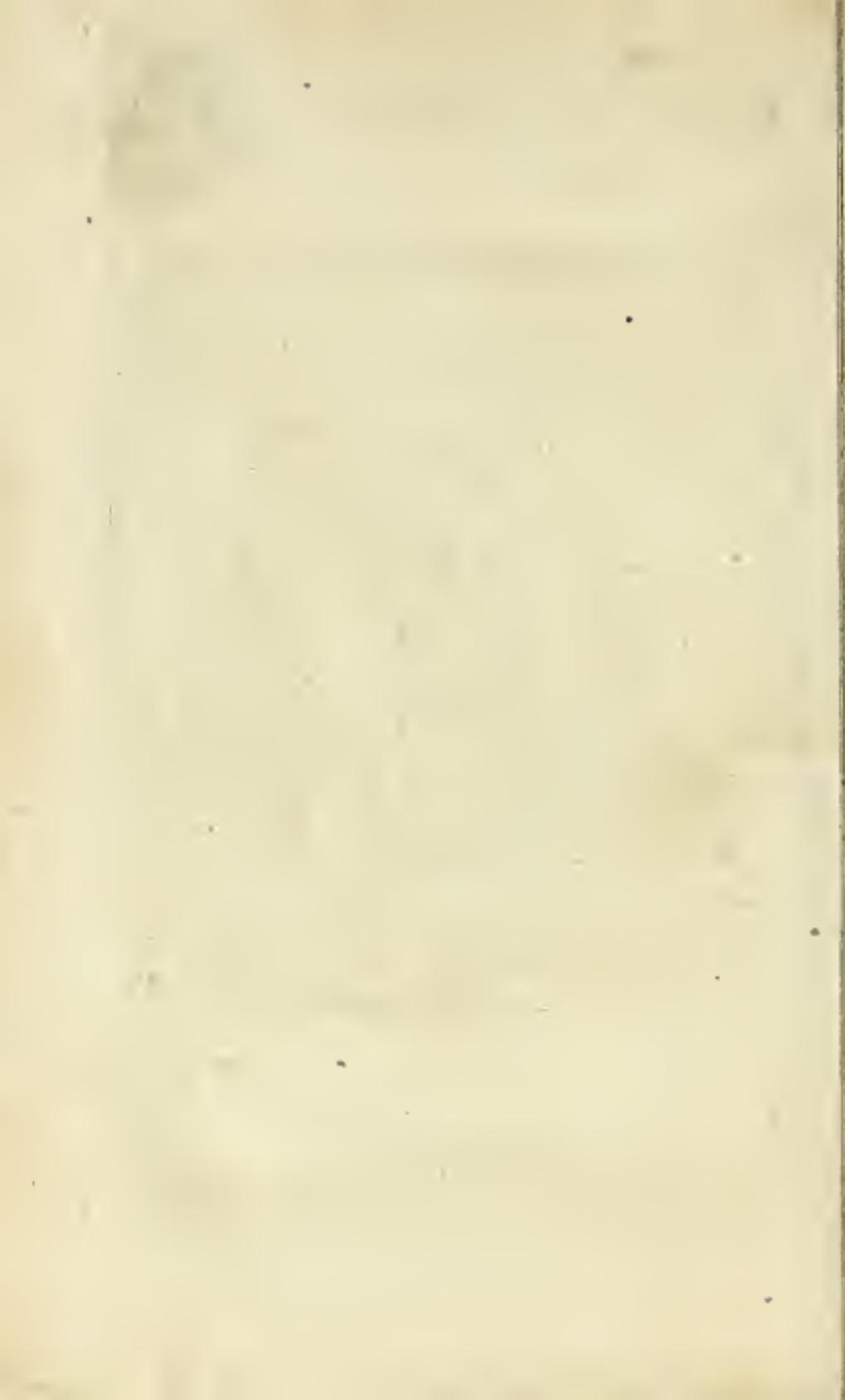


Baldy

*His presence be about us! ourst were he  
That were condemn'd forst to live wi' thee.*

Act IV.

Sc. I.



*Mause.* Then let us gae ; for see, 'tis hard on night,  
The westlin clouds shine wi' red setting light.

(Exeunt.)

## SCENE II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,  
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,  
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,  
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,  
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,  
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

Patie and Roger.

*Roger.*

**W**O ! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light :  
O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right ;  
Sure gentle fouks are farer seen than we,  
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.  
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,  
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn :  
I spak my miad—the heard—I spak again—  
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

*Patie.* I'm glad to hear't—But O ! my change this day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,

And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess,

He a' the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth  
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth !

Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,  
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.  
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,  
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:  
 That speechleſſ lang, my late kend fire I view'd,  
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:  
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,  
 Whilst I myſell wi' rising raptures found,  
 The happy ſon of aue fae much renown'd.  
 But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!  
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,  
 Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,  
 While thus to beat my heart ſhall ſooner ceafe.

*Roger.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:  
 But wer't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

*Patie.* Duty, and haſlen reaſon plead his cauſe;  
 But love rebels againſt all bounding laws;  
 Still in my heart my ſhepherdels excels,  
 And part of my new happiness repels.

*Or ſung as follows.*

### SANG XVI.—Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reaſon,  
 Plead strong on the parent's fide,  
 Which love ſo ſuperior calls treaſon,  
 The strongest muſt be obey'd;  
 For now, tho' I'm aue of the gentry,  
 My conſtanſy falſehood repels;  
 For change in my heart has no entry,  
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

*Roger.* Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:  
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

*Puite.* She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,  
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,  
But still obedience is a parent's due.

*Roger.* Is not our Master and yoursell to stay  
Amang us here—or are ye gawn away  
To London court, or ither far aff parts,  
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

*Patie.* To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-  
vance,

To London neist, and afterwards to France,  
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,  
And twa three other monky tricks :—That done,  
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.  
Then 'tis design'd, when I can wiel behave,  
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,  
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel,  
I nae mair need than carts do a third wheel:  
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,  
Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

*Roger.* They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,  
The o'ercome only fashes souk to keep—  
Good master Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

*Patie.* What was my morning thought, at  
night's the same ;  
The poor and rich but differ in the name.  
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure  
Frae 'boon the lift—without it kings are poor.

*Roger.* But an estate like yours yields bra' content,  
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:

Fine claiths, faft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,  
 Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,  
 Submissive fervants, honour, wealth, and eafe,  
 Wha's ne content wi' these are ill to pleale.

*Patie.* Sae Roger thinks and thinks na far amifs,  
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:  
 The passions rule the roast—and if they're four,  
 Like the lean ky will foond the fat devour:  
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,  
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's fide.  
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,  
 Are frequenteſt wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' eafe;  
 While o'er the muir the ſhepherd, wi' leſs care,  
 Enjoys his sober wiſh, and haleſome air.

*Roger.* Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights  
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;  
 How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad leaſt,  
 That I may easier diſappointments bear?

*Patie.* Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat ſome  
 ſkill,  
 These belt can teach what's real good and ill:  
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtares of cheeſe,  
 To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleafe.

*Roger.* I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me whilk to buy:  
 Faith I'ſe ha'e books tho' I shou'd fell my ky:  
 But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move  
 Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

*Patie.* Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,  
 My vows I'll keep, and ſhe shall be my bride;  
 But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.  
 Keep you the ſecret close, and leave me here;  
 I ſent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

*Roger.* Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,  
To wyle it frae me, a' the deil's defy. (*Exit Roger.*

*Patie. (solus.)* Wi' what a struggle must I now im-  
My father's will to her that hads my heart; (part  
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,  
And let her comfort claim your tender care:  
Her eyes are red—

*Enter Peggy.*

—My Peggy, why in tears?  
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:  
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

*Peggy.* I dare not think fae high—I now repine.  
At the unhappy chance, that made not me  
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.  
Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast  
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?  
Like to be carried by some rover's hand,  
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

*Patie.* Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own;  
But love's superior to a parent's frown;  
I falsehood hate; come kifs thy cares away;  
I ken to love as wiel as to obey.  
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me  
To make strict duty and true love agree.

*Peggy.* Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my  
But short I dare to hope the fond relief. (grief  
New thoughts a gentler face will soон inspire,  
That wi' nice airs swims round in silk attire;

Then I!—poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,  
 When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate;  
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest:  
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:  
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang  
 When Patie kif'sd me, when I danc'd or sang;  
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,  
 And rin haf breathleſs round the rucks of hay,  
 As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,  
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:  
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,  
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.  
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;  
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,  
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,  
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

*Or sung as follows.*

SANG XVII.—Tune, *Wae's my heart that we  
should funder.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggy funder.  
 A gentler face and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's bloom,  
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.  
 No more the shepherd who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;  
 Ah ! I can die, but never funder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye baiks where we were wont to wander ;  
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.  
 Again, ah ! shall I never creep  
 Around the know with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?  
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

*Patie.* Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,  
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :  
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,  
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,  
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move  
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.  
 If at my feet were crowns and scepters laid,  
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid.  
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things  
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.  
 Wherefore that tear ? believe, and calm thy mind.

*Peggy.* I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.  
 When hopes were funk, and nought but mirk despair  
 Made me think life was little worth my care ;

My heart was like to burst; but now I see  
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me; |  
 Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,  
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;  
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms  
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:  
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,  
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,  
 Where I may manners learn—

SANG XVIII.—Tune, *Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite funk in despair,  
 My heart it was going to break;  
 My life appear'd worthless my care,  
 But now I will fav't for thy sake.  
 Where'er my love travels by day,  
 Wherever he lodges by night,  
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay,  
 And my foul keep him ever in sight.  
 Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,  
 And study the gentlest charms;  
 Hope time away till thou appear,  
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.  
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd  
 No higher degree in this life;  
 But now I'll endeavour to rise  
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.  
 For beauty that's only skin deep,  
 Must fade like the gowans in May,  
 But inwardly rooted, will keep  
 For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,  
Can quench the fair fire of love,  
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,  
And the husband ha'e sence to approve.

*Peggy.* If this is gentry, I had rather be  
What I am still—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

*Patie.* Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest  
Wi' gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,  
Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,  
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and fae sma' expence,  
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,  
Then why, ah ! why shou'd the tempestuous sea  
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me ?  
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,  
For watna what's, fae great a risque to run.

*Patie.* There is nae doubt but travelling does im-  
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love : (prove ;  
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast  
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

*Peggy.* Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,  
 I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return,  
 Under that tree, and on the fuckler brae,  
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play ;  
 And to the hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd  
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,  
 I'll often gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witnes I am your's.

*Or sung as follows.*

SANG XIX.—Tune, *Bush abden Traquair.*

At setting day and rising morn,  
 Wi' foul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,  
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.  
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly tald me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
 Whil'st round thou didst enfald me.  
 To a' our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood shaw or fountain ;  
 Or where the simmer day I'd share  
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's,  
 A heart which cannot wander.

*Patie.* My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair  
 A thining ringlet of thy flowing hair,  
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,  
 I'll often kifs, and wear about my arm.

*Peggy.* Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to  
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease ; (please,  
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,  
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

*Patie.* I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,  
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,  
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,  
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest. (Exeunt.

## A C T V.

## SCENE 1.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like aye possent,  
And roars up Symon frae his hindly rest ;  
Bare-legg'd, wi' night cap, and unbutton'd coat,  
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

*Symon.*

**W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,  
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r ?  
Far to the north the scant approaching light  
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.  
What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look fae wan ?  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

*Bauldy.* O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,  
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail ;  
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;  
Alake ! I'll never be myself again.  
I'll ne'er o'erput it ! Symon ! O Symon ! O !

(Symon gives him a drink.)

*Symon.* What ails thee, gowk! to make so loud ado?  
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;  
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir W.* How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?

*Symon,* you're very timeously asteer.

*Symon.* I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,

But some strange thing has Eauldy's sp'rit opprest,  
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

*Bauldy.* O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,  
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

*Sir W. (smiling).* I lang to hear't——

*Bauldy.* ——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,  
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,  
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:  
As she had tryfted, I met wi'er this night,  
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!  
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)  
Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,  
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;  
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,  
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,  
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,  
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.  
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,  
I pithless grew wi' fear and had nae hope,  
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;  
Syne I, haf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,

Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,  
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.

I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt;  
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt. (be;

*Sir W.* Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted  
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

*Bauldy.* Thanks to your Honour soon shall I obey;  
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa-three mae,  
To catch her fast ere she get leave to squeel,  
And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il. (Exit.

*Sir W.* Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than  
hurt, (sport.

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good  
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,  
That is thro' want of education blind! (thing,

*Symon.* But does your Honour think there's nae sic  
As witches rising de'ils up thro' a ring,  
Syne playing tricks, a thoufand I cou'd tell,  
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this fide hell.

*Sir W.* Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,  
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,  
Who were rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp,  
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,  
Aft times like bawty, badrans, or a sow;  
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats, or clewns, or broomstaffs ride,  
Or in an egg shell skim out o'er the main,  
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;  
Then aft by night bombaze hare-hearted fools,  
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools,  
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Symon.* 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a  
 Had either meikle sence, or yet was rich; (witch,  
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a fagacious wife,  
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.  
 That gars me think this hobleskew that's past  
 Will end in naething but a joke at laist.

*Sir W.* I'm sure it will; but see increasing light  
 Commands the imps of darknes down to night;  
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
 Whilst I walk out to tak the morning air.

### SANG XX.—*Bonny grey-eye'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,  
 And darknes flies before the rising ray,  
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,  
 To follow healthful labours of the day,  
 Without guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,  
 And he joins their concert, driving the plow,  
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with losſ  
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toſſ,  
 Wishing for calmnes and slumber in vain.  
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,  
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,  
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
Wi' a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair;  
Glaud by his morning ingle taks a beek.  
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een.  
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

*Glaud.*

**I** WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,  
Ye dinna use fo soon to see the light;  
Nae doubt, now ye intend to mix the thrang,  
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang:  
But do you think that now when he's a laird,  
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

*Jenny.* Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,  
He has mair sense than flight auld friends, tho' poor:  
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,  
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

*Glaud.* Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;  
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:  
Before, he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,  
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;  
But now grown gentle soon he will forsake  
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake. (ill.)

*Peggy.* A rake, what's that?—sure if it means ought  
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tist my skill.

*Glaud.* Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,  
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare:  
A rake's a graceless spark, that think's nae shame  
To do what like of us thinks fin to name;  
Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stan'  
To brag how often they hae had the clap.

They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith  
flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.  
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e  
Encouragement, or bound wi' sic as he.

*Peggy.* Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood,  
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

*Glaud.* That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,  
As they are wiser, better are than we,  
But thinner fawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,  
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide  
That shaws the gate to heav'n;—I've heard myself,  
Some o' them laugh at doomday, fin, and hell.

*Jenny.* Watch o'er us father! heh, that's very odd,  
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

*Glaud.* Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,  
nor think,  
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:  
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought  
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

*Peggy.* The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things;  
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

*Enter Madge.*

*Madge.* Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the  
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate (gate,  
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy,) bout some witchcraft spell,  
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himself.

*Glaud.* Lend me mytaff—Madge lock the outer door,  
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. (*Exit.*)

*Madge.* Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er  
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een! (seen)  
This day her braankan woer taks his horse,  
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh crofs;

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,  
 For a nice sword and glancing headed cane ;  
 To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,  
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay :  
 To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,  
 To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.  
 But Meg, poor Meg ! maun wi' the shepherds stay,  
 And tak what God will send in hoddern-gray.

*Peggy.* Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your  
 It's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born. (scorn ;  
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,  
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green ;  
 Now since he rises, why should I repine ?  
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine :  
 And then, the like has been, if the decree  
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

*Madge.* A bonny story, troth !—But wi' delay ;  
 Prit up your aprons baith, and come away.

(*Exeunt.*)

### S C E N E III.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,*  
*While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause*  
*Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear*  
*Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause ;*  
*For now it's tell'd him that the tawz*  
*Was handled by revengefu' Madge,*  
*Because he brak good breeding's laws,*  
*And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

*Sir Will.*

**A**ND was that all?—Wiel, Archbald, you was serv'd  
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.  
 Was it so small a matter to defame,  
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betray'd,  
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

*Bauldy.* Sir, I confess my fault thro' a' the steps,  
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

*Mause.* Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,  
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

*Bauldy.* An't like your Honour, I believ'd it wiel;  
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;  
Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,  
She's baith a flee and revengefu' ——.

And that my *some place* finds;—but I had best  
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghairt*,  
And the young bonny *witch*, whose rosie cheek  
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

*Sir W.* (*looking at Peggy*). Whose daughter's she  
that wears th' Aurora gown,  
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?  
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!  
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.  
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,  
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.  
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

*Glaud.*——Sir, she's my niece—  
And yet she's not—but I should had my peace.

*Sir W.* This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?  
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak appear  
What I have kept a secret thirteen year—

*Mause.* You may reveal what I can fully clear.

*Sir W.* Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

*Patie.*—So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey—

This *bonny foundling* ae clear morn of May,

Close by the lee fide of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair.

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmanks auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story, she has pass'd sinesyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine;

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's wiel worth the care that I ha'e tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;

Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

*Sir W.* This tale seems strange!—

*Patie.*—The tale delights my ear! (appear.

*Sir W.* Command your joys, young man, till truth

*Mause.* That be my task—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush,

Peggy may smile—Thou baft nae cause to blush.

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name

The best and nearest friend that she can claim.

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

*Sir W.* Old woman, do not rave—prove what you  
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.      (say ;

*Patie.* What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have  
 To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave ?  
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,  
 I every thing that looks like reason want.

*Omnes.* The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

*Sir W.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve each  
 doubt.

(Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.

*Mause.* Sir, view me wiel ; has fifteen years so plew'd  
 A wrinkled face that you ha'e often view'd,  
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,  
 Wha nurs'd her mother that now hads my hand ;  
 Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if yon demand. }

*Sir W.* Ha, honest nurse ! where were my eyes be-  
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ; (fore ?  
 Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,  
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

(Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.  
 Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail :  
 But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.

*Patie.* Good nurse, gae on ; nae music's haff fae fine,  
 Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words of thine.

*Mause.* Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,  
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.  
 The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,  
 How they purfu'd wi' avaricious view  
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possest ;  
 All this to me a confident confest.  
 I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,  
 They'd smoor the faekless orphan in her bed.

That very night, when a' were funk in rest,  
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,  
And staw the sleeping innocent away,  
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.  
A' day I bid me:—when the day was done,  
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,  
'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,  
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains,  
Afraid of being found out, and, to secure  
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;  
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,  
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.  
Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may  
Remember wiel how I that very day  
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

*(Glaud with tears of joy running down his beard) .*

I wiel remember't: Lord reward your love!  
Lang ha'e I wish't for this; for aft I thought  
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

*Patie.* 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,  
Wi' due obedience to a parent's will.  
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,  
And blame me not for rushing to her arms;  
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,  
Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

*Sir W.* My niece, my daughter, welcome to my  
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair, (care,  
Equal with Patrick; now my greatest aim  
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.  
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,  
With as good will as either would demand.

*(Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William)*

*Patie.* Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,  
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

*Sir W.* (*raises them.*) I give you both my blessing;  
    may your love

    Produce a happy race, and still improve.

*Peggy.* My wishes are complete—my joys arise,  
While I'm haf dizzy wi' the blest surprise.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much generous kindness had?  
Lang may Sir William bliss these happy plains,  
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

*Patie.* Be lang our guardian, still our master be,  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:  
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

*Glaud.* I hope your honour now will tak amends  
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends,

*Sir W.* The base unnatural villian soon shall know  
That eyes above watch the affairs below:  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill got gains,

*Peggy.* To me the views of wealth, and an estate;  
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:  
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow  
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

*Symon.* What double blythness opens up this day;  
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon hastle away:  
Shall I unfaddle your horse, and gar prepare  
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?  
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,  
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:  
Even Bauldy the bewich'd has quite forgot  
Fell Madge's tawz, and pauky Mause's ples.

*Sir W.* Kindly old man ; remain with you this day !  
 I never from these fields again will stray :  
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,  
 And busy gardeners shall new planting rear :  
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see  
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me. (year?)

*Symon.* That's the best news I heard this twenty  
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

*Glaud.* God save the King, and save Sir William lang.  
 T' enjoy their ain and raise the shepherd's sang.

*Roger.* Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing ?  
 What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

*Bauldy.* I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge I'm  
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fled ; (gree'd,  
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,  
 To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

*Madge.* Lang may he live—and, Bauldy, learn to  
 Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak, (steek  
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,  
 Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.  
 This day I'll wi' the youngest o' you rant,  
 And brag for ay that I was call'd the aunt  
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

*Peggy.* Nae other name I'll ever for you learn :  
 And, my good nurse, how shall I grateful be  
 For a' thy matchless kindness done to me ?

*Mause.* The flowing pleasures of this happy day  
 Does fully a' I can require repay.

*Sir W.* To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to  
 you,  
 And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,  
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,  
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.  
 Maufe, in my house, in calmness, close your days,  
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Omnès.* The Lord of heav'n return your honour's love,  
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie, *presenting Roger to Sir William.*

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd  
 My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird ;  
 Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think nae shame),  
 Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame :  
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,  
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son ;  
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,  
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

*Sir W.* My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,  
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have  
 With frank consent; and while he does remain  
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

*Glaud.* You croud your bounties, Sir; what can  
 we fay,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?  
 Whate'er your Honour will's, I shall obey.  
 Roger, my daughter wi' my bleſſing take,  
 And still our master's right your businesſ make :  
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head  
 Shall nod wi' quietnes down amang the dead.

*Roger.* I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,  
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraife ;  
 But for my master, father, and my wife,  
 I will employ the cares of a' my life.

*Sir W.* My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,  
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.  
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find  
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.  
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;  
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.  
 Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,  
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.  
 Now all's at rights, wha sings best let me hear.

*Peggy.* When yo' i demand, I readiest should obey;  
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI.—*Corn riggs are bonny.*

My Pattie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy;  
 His breath is tweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy:  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's comely in his wauking;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.  
 Last night I met him on a bauk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spak  
 That set my heart a-glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony,  
 That gars me like to sing finsyne,  
 O corn riggs are bonny.  
 Let lasses of a filly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting!

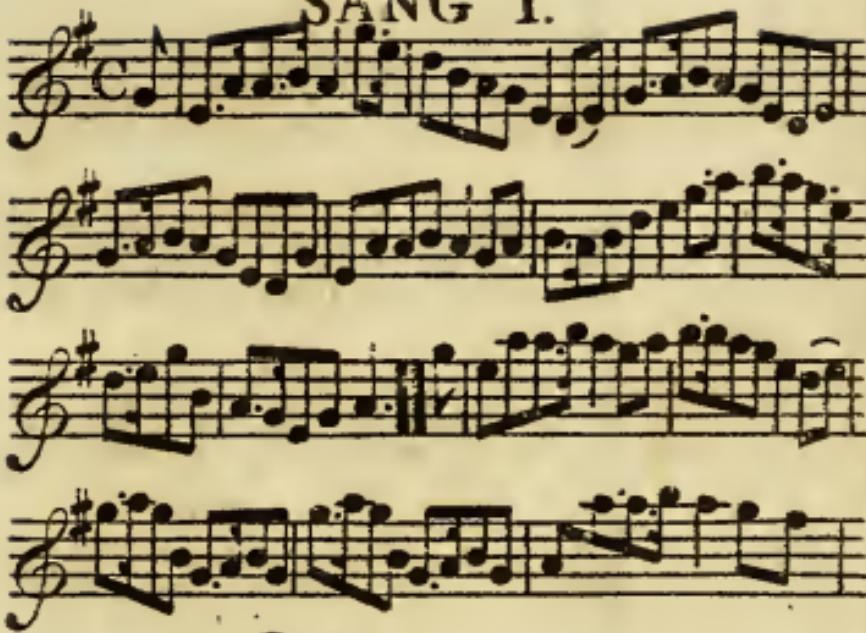
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Since we for yielding we're design'd,  
We chastely should be granting.  
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
And syne my cockernony  
He's free to touzle air or late,  
While corn riggs are bonny.

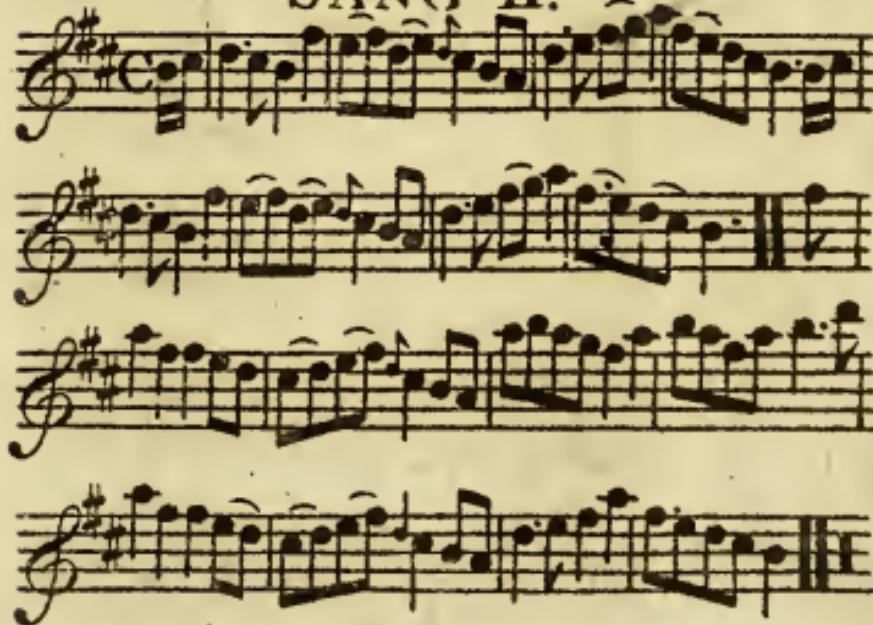
(*Exeunt omnes.*)

THE END.

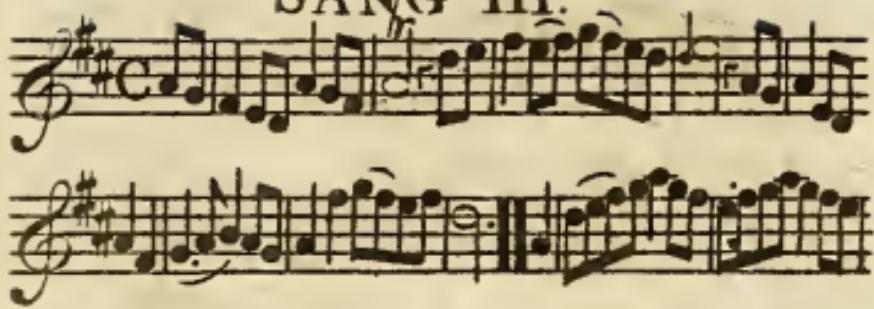
SANG I.



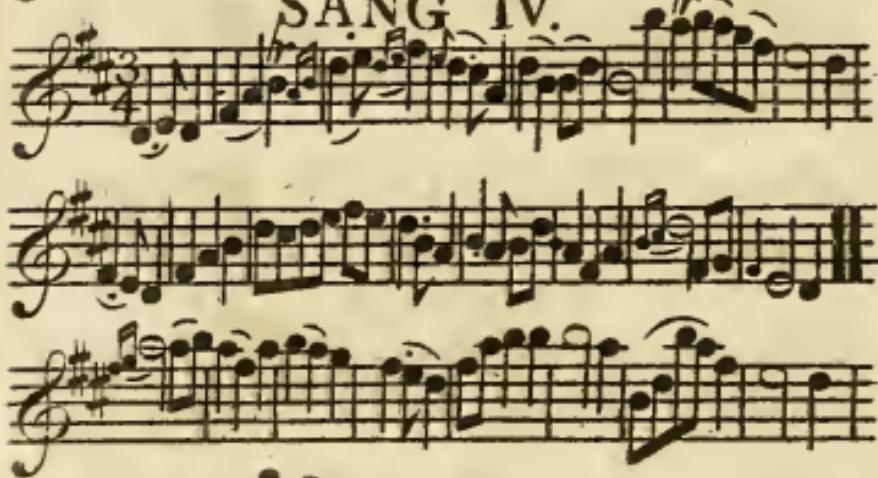
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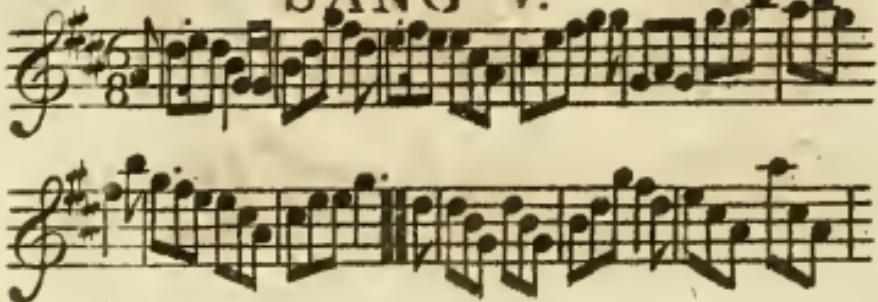
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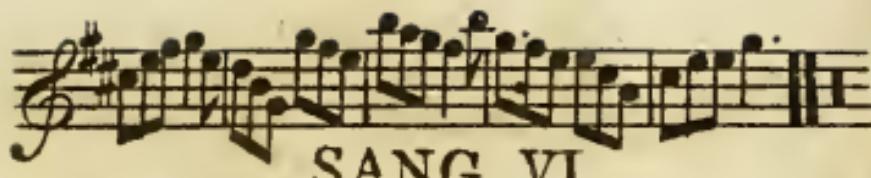


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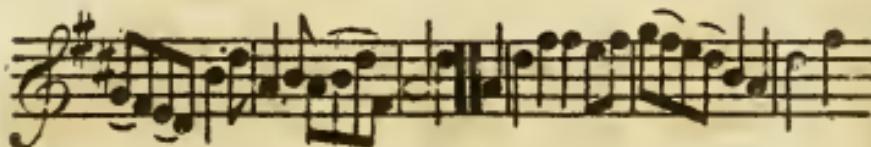
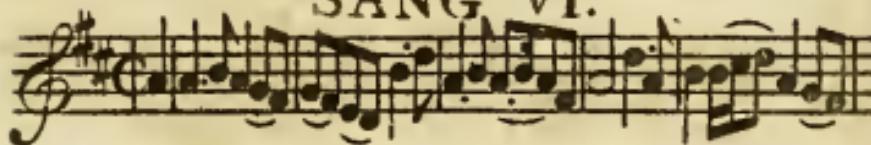


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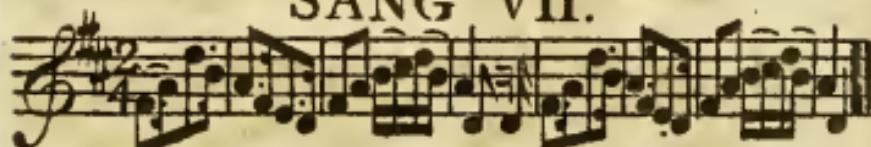




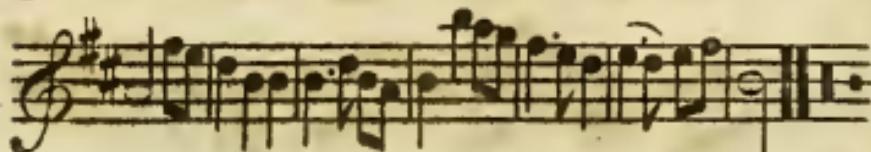
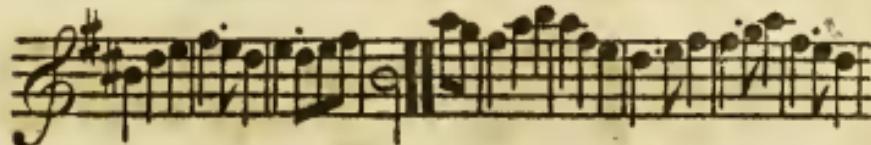
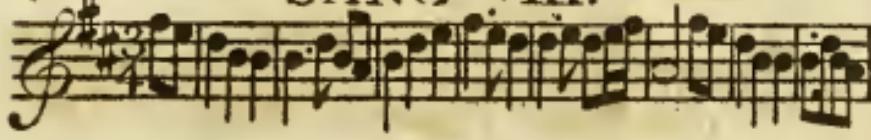
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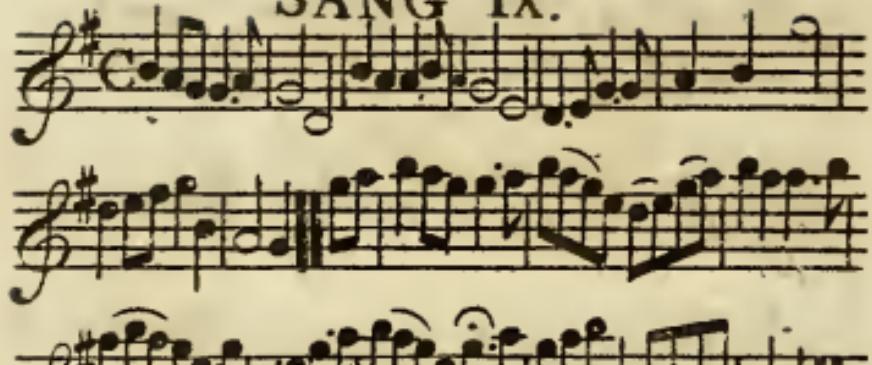
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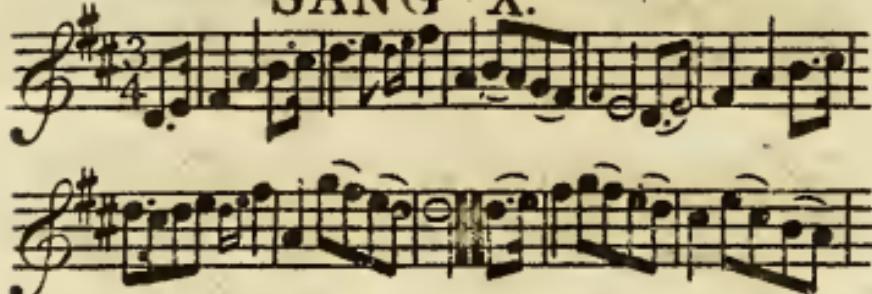
SANG VIII.



SANG IX.

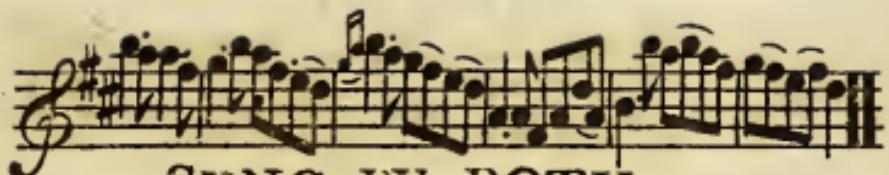


SANG X.

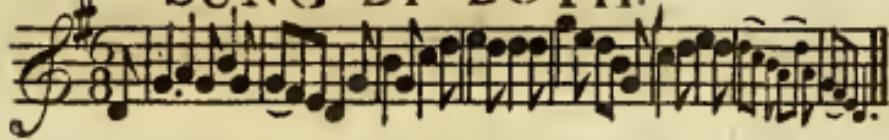


SANG XI

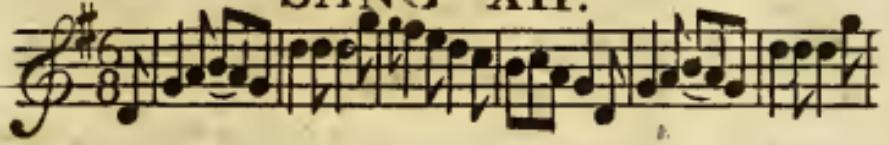




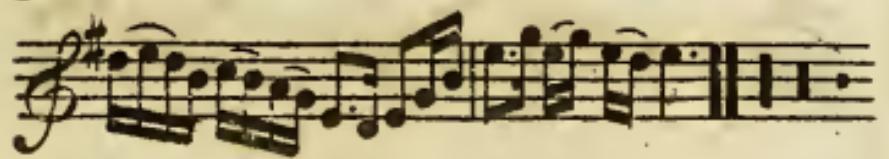
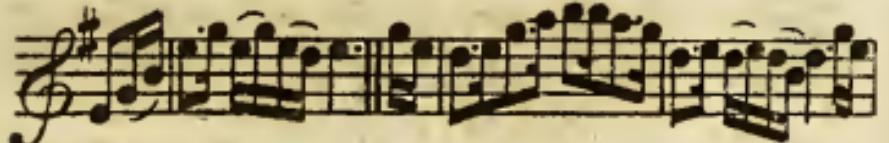
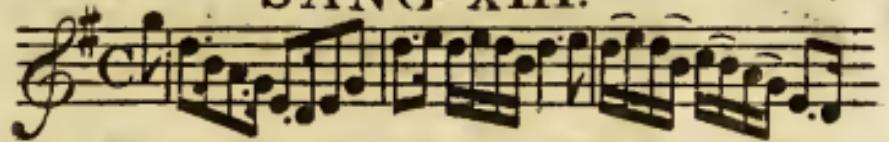
SUNG BY BOTH.



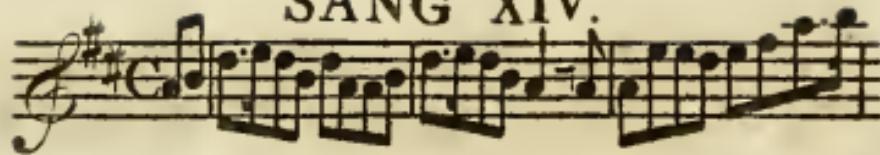
SANG XII.



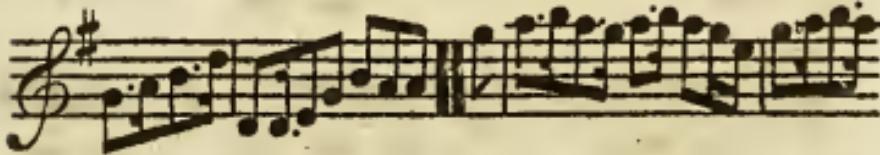
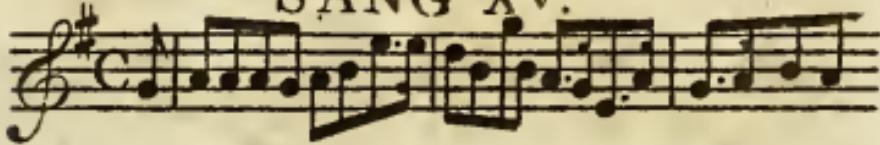
SANG XIII.



## SANG XIV.

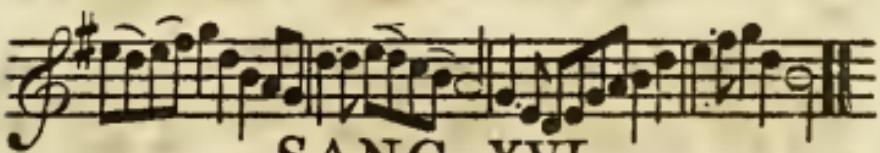
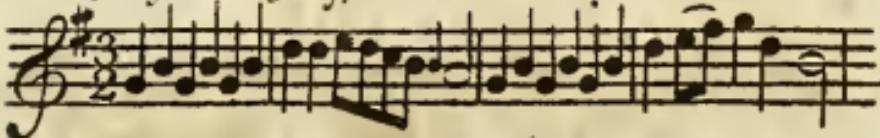


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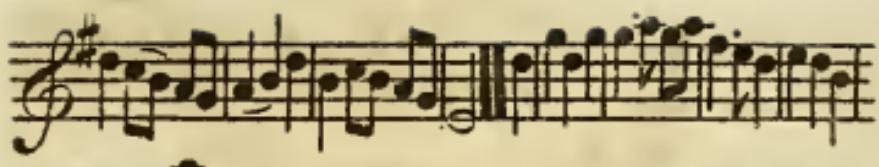
Jenny laid to Jocky,

P. 233

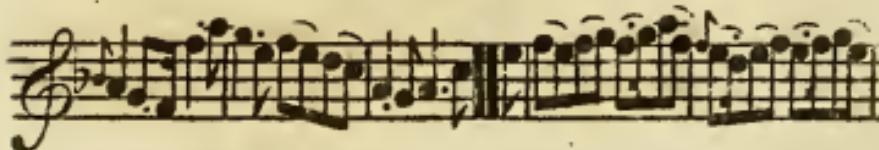
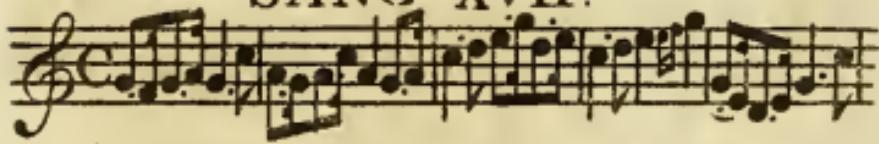


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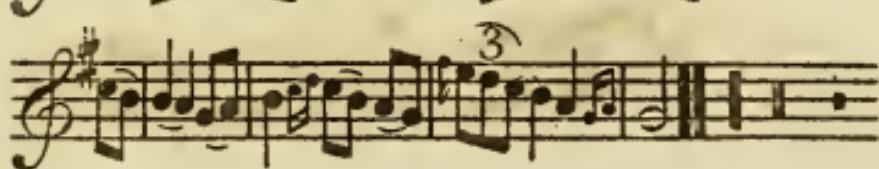
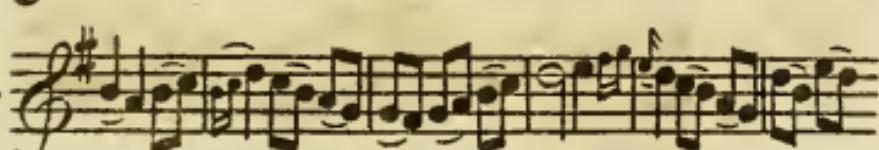
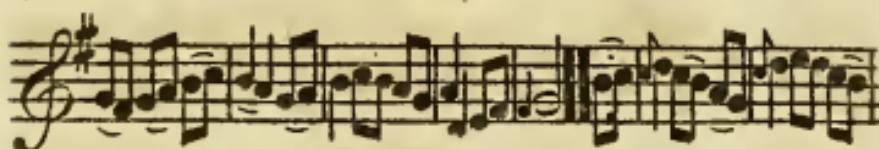
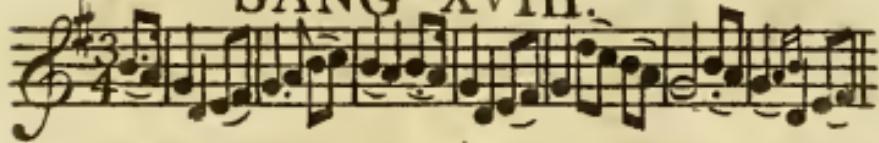




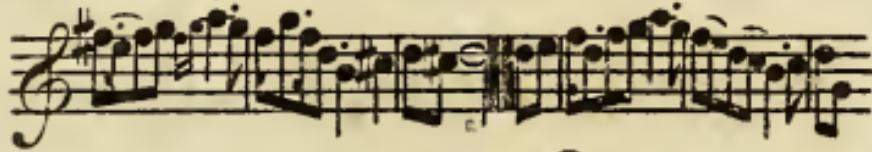
SANG XVII.



SANG XVIII.



SANG XIX.



SANG XX.



SANG XXI.

